



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1896-07-10

Letter from Helen Muir to [John Muir], 1896 Jul 10.

Helen Muir

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Martinez Calif. July 10, 1896.

My Dear Papa,

I got your nice letter yesterday afternoon I was so glad to get it and to hear that you are a thousand miles nearer home for O you seemed a long way off before.

This morning there was a thunder shower over our valley and we saw a great many flashes of lightning that I thought were very beautiful and I liked to hear the thunder roll. My poor little black kitten 'Panther' was so scared that he took a fit, and I was so sorry for him. We have not found anny little dog yet.

W.L., that is Wanda, Enid Bird, and I, went over to Uncle David's house and then we climbed the east hill so we had a delightful walk and we heard a coyote and saw a

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lot of squirrels. The hills are very dry now and there are hardly any flowers on them. Nearly all the apricots are gone.

Fourth of July we did not ride to Harting but staid at home and we girls climbed the big Oak by the fence and we took our

lunch in a basket and ate it under a live-oak tree and we saw a big snake with black and white rings and we thought we had better run down to the house. Mama walked around the yard and watched us all the time and she felt better when we came in the house. in the evening ^{we} saw some of the fireworks and rockets int Harting but could not see the best pieces for they were beyond the hospital hill. we looked out from the hall window upstairs.

Yesterday there came a letter for you from Mr. Lukins and little Lotey sent you a small letter thanking you for the pretty picture you sent her.

It is just awful warm today and the flowers

look wilted and the muskittos were very disagreeable yesterday.

Just now Mr. Firth brought a letter from you with the mica and the pretty little spyglasses. Now I wish I could be with ^{you} and so does Wanda.

Aunt Margaret is pretty well.

Wanda and I are so sorry that we never saw Grandma Muir.

Do write often as you can Dear Papa. When your letters come I do not feel so lonesome.

Your own little Helen.